

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD



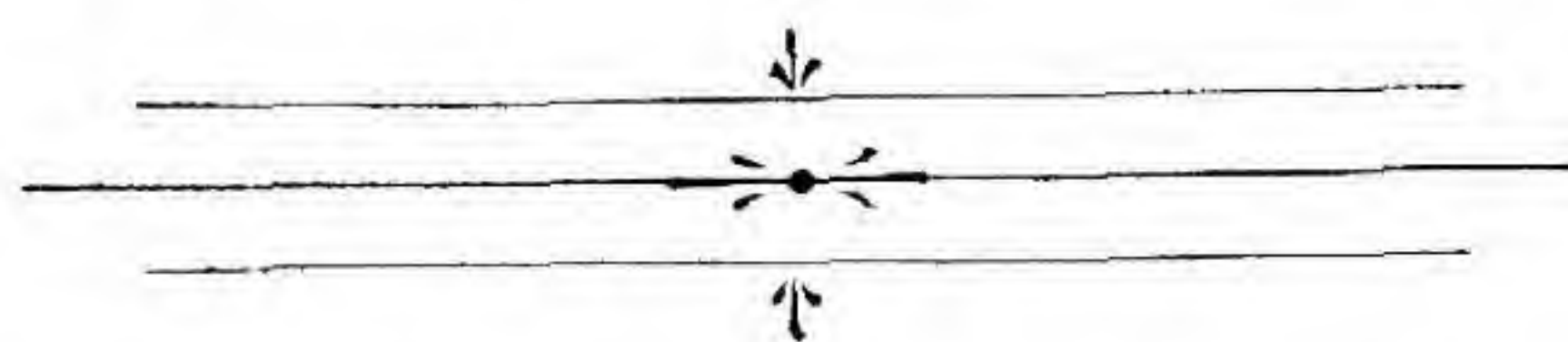
WORDS BY

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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MUSIC BY

M. W. BALFE.



F. PITMAN, HART & CO.
22. Paternoster Row. London. E.C.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

CAVATINA.

Written by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Composed by M. W. BALFE.

PIANO.

Come in-to the gar-den, Maud, For the black bat, Night, has flown; Come in-to the gar - den,

Maud, I am here, at the gate a - lone. I am here at the gate a - lone. And the

wood-bine spi-ces are waft-ed a-broad, And the musk of the ro - ses blown, For a breeze of morn-ing

moves, And the planet of love is on high, Be-ginning to faint in the light that she loves, On a

bed of daf-fo-dil sky, To faint in the light of the sun she loves, To faint in the light, and to die.

p a piacere. *pp a tempo.*

Come! Come! Come into the gar-den, Maud, For the black bat Night, is flown;

cres.

Come in-to the gar-den, Maud, I am here, at the gate a-lone, I am here, at the gate a-

cres.

-lone, I am here at the gate a-lone!

dolce.

Queen Rose, of the rose-bud gar-den of girls, Come hither, the dances are

done; In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen li-ly and rose in one. Shine

rall. *riten. a piacere.*

out lit-tle head running o-ver with curls, To the flow-ers and be their Sun. Shine out! Shine

4

out! and be their Sun. Come in-to the gar - den, Maud, For the black bat, Night, is

stacc.

pp.

flown; Come in-to the gar - den, Maud, — She is com-ing, my own, my

pp

f

p accelerando.

pp accelerando.

sweet, Were it ev - er so ai - ry a tread, My heart would hear her, and

ff

p

beat, were it earth, in an ear - - thy bed; Come,

rall.

Allegro. ff tempo.

f

p

ff

— my own, my sweet, Come, — my own, my sweet, Maud, Maud,

pp

come, I'm here at the gate, a-lone!

cres.

f

ff

tempo